RACHEL MAYNE.

to change I see, though seven long years In foreign lands away; Must struck before the eyes and ears I see and hear to-day.

The blue juy's harsh and chartering note Surmousts the hum of bees; The oricle in his flaming cost Filts through the apple trees;

The sheep upon the hillside browse, The colle in pasture secur; In youder close the patient cows Await the milking hour.

There is the house where I was born, Long past from the and mine; The red barn there to which at morn I went to feed the kine.

There is the sweep above the well; There spread the fields of maize; The osters edge the marshy fell, As in my early days.

The mill is there; the stream flows free, Piercing the grassy plain; But where is she who waits for me, My darling, Rachel Mayne?

Hoved her in the olden time As few have loved before; And now, when is my manhood's prime Hove her even more.

I asked her father for her hand, And these the words be said; "Who has not gold, nor herds, nor land Should not with maiden wed.

For seven long twelvemenths Jacob wrought His Bachel to obtain; The wealth seven years to you have brought May bring you Enchel Mayne.

"Hope of reward, that toll impels, Your landing life may spur; Seek other hands, where Fortune dwells, And win both wealth and her."

Then here we parted, I and she, With many team and sighs; But over times has dwelt with me Her tender, love-lit eyes.

Why comes she not? Why stays she now, When she has naught to fear? Has she forgot the parting yow She made to meet me hero?

I wrote her, ere my vessel salled, To meet me of her grace, If she in truth had never inited, At our old trysting-place.

Why comes she not? The sun is high; The hour of neon has passed; Or means she first my love to try, To bless mu at the jast? Perchance my letter missed. Therein The reason doubtless lies. I'll seek ner, then, her home within, And give her glad surprise.

A strange way, through the churchyard this.
To reach my darling's side;
Through death's own home to seek for bliss
O'er tombs to gain a bride.

And here a tombstone, gray and tall, The magnle-yet unsoffed. The name! Size meets me, after all! Was is it for this Pve toiled?

She is not dead! She could not die! The letters bluze like fire! Why, I came liers to day to buy My dear one from her sire.

I have the price; where is the ware? Alt, me! why fully rave? My life is whin my Hachel there; My heart is in her grave. -Thomas Duna English, in N. Y. Independent

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"Well, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose; trading all done, crops all bargained for, ch?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain, foomery farmer in a suit of homespun gray.

"Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good as Yorker might want. Cause Betsey's worked awful bard this spring. Times are good, too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey shan't look as good as anybody. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked up the street, the fashlonable attire of the young lawyer.

Come on."

So they walked up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blond mustache and setting of close brown curis—to the bronzed and close brown curls-to the bronzed and beardless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the blue eyes were the same in both, but the blue eyes were the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sed in the apple orchard on Uncle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when Johnny was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman; in spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand, his heart was as true as steel to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glance of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madam Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightews engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the pretises face of the girls in attendance. Josie Molliet, radiant with amiles, and I think a little artificial bloom, came for-

I think a little artificial bloom, came for-ward with the most bewitching glances to wait upon the farmer who brought so

world about women's bonnets," and took up his revery, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite, he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing hemselves vasily at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale quiet girl, with smooth brown hair, looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, "For shame!" and grew crimson as she spoke.

spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it

was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed;
for as he said truly, he knew nothing
about all that mysterious and bewildcring arrangement of dress that he saw

day. Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him ses whereabouts on that dear old head any of those gypsies would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head like a door handle, which certainly would not harmonize with these capewould not harmonize with these cape less head dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with Uncle Abel, her cheeks blushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbon. She were a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock

plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair. "I think this might suit you, sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions, these bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head

"Wa'al, now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from tother. I want to get a bonnet for Betsey, and I mean to. Now jest tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this? Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see, " and he touched the sleeve of her black dress, "I.—I.—am sorry!"

The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said, "I have no mother now; but if you will treat me, sir, I think

his hand, looking open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have knowed this young woman afore, didn't you!" he said; but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from rouge, as she tossed her head and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to "that" "No use, dad—no use. He'd better one to the other head and muttered various in said the province of the poor-house."

A DINTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Saive is its power to reduce inflammation. If smilicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggiats sell it. 25c.

THE Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College to usexcelled. Write for College Journal.

THE MARKETS.

"Ye tried to brace him up, but it's up go."

"Try me once more, Tommy! If you'll rig me once more I'll brace up tossed her head and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to "that" "No use, dad—no use. He'd better of Redding's Russia Saive is its power to reduce inflammation.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggiats sell it. 25c.

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THE MARKETS.

SEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1850.

WHEAT—Hed Winter No. 2 1234 is 1244.

CORN.—No. 1 Water No. 1 1254 is 1244.

CORN.—No. 1 Water No. 2 1234 is 1244.

CORN.—No. 2 0 44

uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed, and then said:

She looked up at John Dure merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so, taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain; "An sure your wife would like that. Ehall I try it on for you?" "Wa'al, yes, I can tell better how it will look then. Now it looks just like a dish." "There, it goes this way," and Josic pitched the little thing over her rosy face, tled the strings in a big bow-knot and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?" "Wa'al, it's kind o' purty, but its awful queer; ain't it John?" John thus appealed to could only answer that he "knew nothin' in the world about women's bonnets," and took up his revery, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite, he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing bemselves wastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a glory John Dare brought his bride to

them dish covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its June glory John Dare brought his brids to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the weir in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as a straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

How Temmy Went Back on the Old Man.

Man.

"YES, bub, this is the place," replied

"YES, bub, this is the place," replied Bijah, as a boy of twelve knocked on the door. "Come in, sonny. Did you expect to find your old governor in here this morning?"

"I kinder thought as how he might be here," replied the boy.

"Just as likely as not, my boy. We will look into the cells and make sure. Is your old man given to the flowing bowl?"

"He's given to whisky, if that's what

"He's given to whisky, if that's what you mean. The wonder is that you haven't had him down here lots o'times.

That's him calling me from down

there."

The lad walked up to cell No. 5, peered through the bars, and said:

"Dad, is that you?"

"Yes, darling. Oh! Tommy, I'm so glad to see you!"

"No use gushing over me, dad," said the boy, as be turned away.

"Tommy—my Tommy!"

"Yes, I'm your Tommy, and all that, but you got yourself in there and now you've got to take the racket. Ma and I had a talk, and we agreed to let you alone!"

"Oh, Tommy!"

alone!"

"Oh, Tommy!"

"No use howling, dad. It had got to come some time, and now's a purty good time for it. Feller can't be drunk over forty times a month in this town without some one knowing it."

"Don't leave me, Tommy!"

"Well, I'll sit down in the court room and hear the trial, but I haven't got a red with me to pay a fine. If you are

and hear the trial, but I haven't got a red with me to pay a fine. If you are sent up, you'll have to brace your lip and trot along."

So soon as the court opened Bijah handed out Tommy's father. He was a middle-aged man, strong and well, and his looks were in his favor.

"What excuse have you for being very drunk yesterday?" inquired his Honor.

"Lection, sir, and I'll leave it to Tommy," was the reply.

"Did your election last from Tuesday to Saturday?"

"Yes, sir, and I'll prove it by Tom-

my,"
That's me, sir," replied the boy as

he rose up.
"Yes, that's my Tommy, and he'll
tell you that I'm a sober, hard-working
man. Tell all about me, Tommy."
"You can speak for him," added the Court. "But I can't say much for him. We

moved here from Toledo about six months ago, and dad has sorter gone to turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, still holding the hat in his hand, looking open-mouthed from one to the other.

In turns, and the words she spoke came so low and pleases. "Oh, Tommy!" pleaded the father. "It's true as preaching, dad, and I've got to own it. You haven't worked a day for three months, and you get drunk whenever chance offers. If I his hand, looking open-mouthed from one to the other.

"No use, dad—no use. He'd bett go up for sixty days. Maybe that w sober him off and be a check on him."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed, and then said:

"I'll take this bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal. Betsey's worth it, ain't she, John?"

John need not have started so, or said "very," which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said softly, "Oh, boys will be boys!" and he was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction over twice, too, and felt quite uneasy lest it is should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl, as he said, "It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bounet, and I've found an old friend."

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looking a meaning and the said and sorting a meaning and the wealthiest among them have only a few carpets or mattresses, sowe

Jose Molitet, radiant with smiles, and think a little artificial bloom, came for ward with the most bewritching glances to wait upon the farmer who brought as the would show her superior quality by so doing, made up her mind to quit Lucle Abel unmerfailly. Poor old man! He neyen was so miserable that the property of the standard on trouble whetever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have also not trouble whetever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have so other and the least.

But here was a fine lady, with a great circumference of hlack slik trailing out as ways, he shed on which the hair sense of the standard struggling in crimps and curls to get away frout the shining bands strupped that the would allow one style stera and the result of the struck of th

Stone Shower in Georgia.

Isaac Saturday a week ago, while Mr.

Isaac Reed and his four children were picking cotton upon a portion of land belonging to Mr. Newton Cates, in this county, rocks began to fall about, whon Mr. Reed, in anger, grasped up a stone and exclaimed; "Whoever you are, if you don't stop, you'll get this!" holding up the stone in his hand. But the rocks kept on falling so fast that all began to wonder who could be throwing them, when it was noticed that they were rising off the ground about them and falling back! So strange a sight caused them to leave the lield and go to the house near by, when the stone-falling commenced there. Some of the near neighbors were sent for, among them Mr. N. Cates and Mr. J. Bazel (a sister of whom is Mr. Reed's wife), and all saw the rocks falling some of which were hot and all testify to the same facts—for facts they are—but as to the cause none of them pretend to know. Now, some will be so incredulous as utterly to deny this, and ery out, "pshaw!" and "superstition;" yet, in spite of all, these are wall-established facts, as human testimony can establish. Better accept of them as facts and go to investigating for the cause. On Monday week the same place and one of the stones struck a little boy on the foot and another atone struck Mr. Bazel on the shoulder. By the way this is not the first time that these "manifestaon the shoulder. By the way this is not the first time that those "manifesta-tions" and "appearances," or call them by what names you please, have oc-curred, for in other places in this State and Virginia such have occurred.— Marietta (Ga.) Journal.

—The ex-Khedive of Egypt has been abandoned by all the inmates of his harem, with the exception of two coalblack girls of Nubian origin. His funds having been curtailed he found it impossible to retain his hold upon the laiver complexioned ladies. fairer complexioned ladies.

Theodore Titton will lecture on "The World's To-morrow." The world's yes-terday can be read in the morning pa-

pers.

[Toledo Blade.]

Bow We Were "Bettimbeled."

"Look here! I don't want to buttonhole you with any political intentions; but if you have a minute's time, let me tell you something that may benefit some of your readers."

"Well, what is it!"—we remarked to our old friend and subscriber as he stopped us in front of the Boody House yesterday morning. "I was only going to romark that those Hamburg Drops, of which you publish a notice in your paper, is really the best Bood Medicine in the country; I tried it, and so have some of my friends, for serious allments, and I'll be hanged if it nin't entitled to the medal." We cheerfully make space for the above candid opinion of one of space for the above candid opinion of one of

our readers.

A GALVESTON poet came into the sanctum hurriedly, and going up to the editor remarked: "I did not notice my little poem on the 'Golden Tunts of Expiring Autumn.' If suppose it was crowded out." "No, it was crowded in." "I don't see it." "Look in the waste-basket. That's where it was crowded it."—Galeston News.

[Cleveland Lender.]

A Happy Hatter.

Happy is Kuox, the famous New York Hater.

Mrs. Knox, who had been a frequent and paintul sufferer with rheumatism, was speedily cured by the use of the Great Ger-man Remedy, St. Jacob's Oil. Consequently the great Broadway Hatter is happy.

THERE is a cat in Litchifield, Cone., that eats an ear of raw corn daily. Some persons think this is a sure sign that the most expensive winter bonnets will cost shout three dollars apiece.—Einstra Free Press.

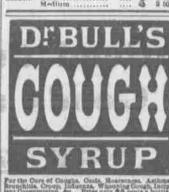
A Cross Haby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or at hours by the crying of a cross taby. All cross and crying bables need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—

Duning one month this summer the Phila-delphia Mint coined \$53,000, and how they all got past us without our seeing one of them is what astonishes us.—Burlington House-

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l	Ohio Dairy	****	13	18
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l	BEEDS-TIMOUS	2 50	8	7 65
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